

Good Morning

\$59

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Mary Yorke, well-known woman
interviewer says

Wool-Gatherer? Nonsense!

Meet Scientists as I know them

THREE years ago, the scientist, so far as I was concerned, was a rara avis—indeed, a bird unknown. To-day he is a familiar enough figure, and, despite my ignorance of chemistry and physics, a kindred spirit.

The only explanation I can offer for this congeniality is that in my experience the modern scientist is the direct antithesis of the traditional dreary pedant. He is light-hearted, good-natured, and easy-going.

I REMEMBER lunching one day in a country house near Oxford, when I sat next to a man whose appearance and personality seemed to be typically that of a young man about town. He was tall, upstanding and well-dressed, and his "Guardee" moustache gave him a dashing military air. His conversation was cultivated and urbane. He had travelled a good deal and was very interested in the theatre.

Coming in late, I did not catch his name, so imagine my surprise when, on returning to my office, I learnt that he was the new research chemist, among other things a Doctor of Philosophy. Three years ago, I should have thought of a Doctor of Philosophy as an absent-minded, carelessly dressed, pernickety old gentleman!

But even the elderly and distinguished scientists I have met do not always conform to the rules. They are neat, well-groomed, and very human. One of them I know has a passion for taking snapshots of everyone, from the managing director down to the telephone operators and office boys, while another invariably offers one a boiled sweet on going into his

laboratory—yes, even in these days of rationing! But the quality which I should have least expected is the one which seems to be most prevalent, namely, a sense of humour. Most of my colleagues pass the supreme test—they can take a joke against themselves.

I once wrote some verses poking fun at their prevailing tendency to disagree amongst themselves. Out of a tender regard for their feelings, I tried to keep the typescript out of their way, but somehow or other it got into general circulation. Instead of cutting me dead, they congratulated me on writing an excellent satire!

What are the other misconceptions? Well, perhaps the most important one of all is that the modern scientist is a godless, soulless materialist.

This description certainly fitted the nineteenth century rationalist, because at that time the sum total of scientific knowledge seemed to point to the existence of nothing but material phenomena. But twentieth century physicists have disproved this theory. According to them, a supreme

being, a force, call it what you will, controls the universe; its existence can only be explained in terms of mathematics, and its form, shape or purpose is beyond the comprehension of man, as he is at present constituted, on this planet.

Thus, while the bio-chemist, at the other end of the scale, can probably determine all the chemical elements which form the physical structure of the human being, and may, indeed, for all I know, be able at this moment to synthesise them and evolve a Robot creature, he would be the first to admit that the soul, the mind, the essential spirit of the human being, still eludes him, and will, in all probability, continue to elude him and his descendants till the end of time.

From this it will be seen that the modern scientist is definitely on the side of the angels. He is full of humility. Unlike his predecessors, he has no pretensions to solving the riddle of the universe.

Thus, in a way, he is in advance of his time. While the emphasis in the world of affairs and of politics is still on the outmoded materialism of the nineteenth century, the modern scientist is in the vanguard of the reactionary movement. This seems to me to be a happy augury for the future.

This exhausts my list of misconceptions. In what way does the scientist conform to the popular view?

Mainly, I think, in being exceedingly "unbusinesslike." This, of course, is natural and inevitable, for all his training is based on a leisurely pursuit of knowledge, and not on whether the work he is doing will "pay" in the commercial sense.

Moreover, if results are to be satisfactory, experiments cannot be speeded up. A new drug, for example, may remain stable for a week, but what will its condition be at the end of twelve months? Time, and time alone, will show. This is one reason why, to the layman, the scientist is so disappointingly reluctant to commit himself. In fact, he will not commit himself until he has applied every known test.

It is easy to understand, therefore, why he is infuriated by uncritical, premature claims made for his discoveries by enthusiastic laymen. He detests these claims as much as he despises those who make them.

Finally, I would say this: When you condemn the horrors of war and the orgies of destruction to which science has brought us, don't condemn the scientist. Condemn society as a whole, condemn human nature itself. Truly, objective, interested only in the pursuit of knowledge, the scientist publishes the fruits of his researches. It is for mankind to see that science is put to constructive, rather than destructive, uses.

Come down our pretty fruity Column

(Suggests
Ron Garth)

NEW fruit for old! Blackberries as large as strawberries, apples almost without cores, shaved and hairless gooseberries. Unsuspected fruits from the far ends of the earth, lasting delicacies with a formerly short-lived flavour. These will be the fruity new fruits you'll be enjoying after the war.

In experimental fruit stations, testing gardens and laboratories, soil scientists have been making the most of the war years.

After seven years of stringent tests, for instance, the John Innes blackberry has been evolved, its large, juicy berries available for a three-months season. At present, 36 new types of raspberries are under trial. Taking that fruit seriously, the experts have spent time and money in trying to evolve a fruit with more pulp and less seed which will retain the subtle flavour of the wild variety.

The Veitchberry, crossing the raspberry and the hedge blackberry, may soon make a valuable addition to our soft fruits. Gooseberries have been falling from favour, ousted in public taste by cherry plums. The newly evolved hairless gooseberry is the answer.

So widespread is the hunt for new fruit that the trial ground of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley has no less than 22 acres occupied by fruits "under trial."

A fruit explorer recently penetrated to the mountains of Colombia, South America—and found blackberries as large as oranges. Bringing back seeds and samples to Britain, an attempt will be made to grow the fruit under hot-house conditions.

Thanks to war methods of storage, the li-chi, a grape-like fruit that has for years been the joy of the gourmet and the despair of the fruit-importer, will be able to travel satisfactorily after the war. The mango, that Indian favourite which was once too delicate to cross the ocean, can now be sent anywhere in perfect condition. The mangosteen will arrive from the heart of the Himalayas. Its soft white globules were once the exclusive delight only of epicures.

The Cape gooseberry is a winner from South Africa. From Ceylon comes the rambutan, a bright red fruit containing a sweet white jelly. Persimmons, monterio-gloriosos... they've been known for years in the native markets of the East. New forms of packing and refrigeration can bring them to Britain.

Thanks to the Government's Low Temperature Research Station at Cambridge, it has been proved that even strawberries can be frozen in syrup for as long as two years with no loss of flavour. Mangosteens and papaws can be kept even longer.

The apple industry keeps equally swift pace with the times. At the Ditton Laboratory at East Malling, researches have been working on the problems of gassing apples to sleep, and reviving them, fresh and unimpaired. As a result,

they have exposed a closely guarded secret apples have kept since the Garden of Eden. As apples ripen, they produce, as part of their aroma, a vapour of active ethylene gas. It stimulates neighbouring apples to mature and, brings about the important practical effect that a batch of apples, stored together, can be counted upon to ripen at the same time. No less new is the news that the goodness of apples can be standardised by electric readings. According to its goodness, the apple administrators the shock—and British apples have already proved that they're live wires!

Sunday Thoughts

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born, across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
that transfigures you and
me:
As He died to make men
holy, let us die to make
men free.
"Battle Hymn of the
American Republic."

The meanest floweret of the
vale,
The simplest note that swells
the gale,
The common sun, the air,
the skies,
To him are opening para-
dise.

Thomas Gray
(1716-1771).

Goodness does not more
certainly make men happy
than happiness makes them
good.

W. S. Landor.

He never wants anything
but what's right and fair;
only when you come to
settle what's right and fair,
it's everything that he
wants and nothing that you
want. And that's his idea of
a compromise. Give me the
Brown compromise when I'm
on his side.

"Tom Brown's
School-days."

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Once Again, Beneath the Surface

I AM not going to argue this week. I am going to try to explain. I have been asked what was the origin, and what is the meaning of, the Eucharist.

So here goes. Prepare for diving. It means really getting "beneath the surface."

Eucharist was one of the ancient titles of the central sacramental rites of the Christian Church.

It may be regarded as the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew "Berakah," which was the Jewish blessing addressed to the Creator at meals; but in the early Church this blessing had special reference to Jesus.

There have been other names for Eucharist—Communion, Holy Communion, Mass, Oblation.

One of the earliest mentions of Eucharist was that of Paul's when he wrote to the Corinthians and told them that their conduct at the meal had wiped out the religious significance.

It was the custom of the Corinthian believers each to bring his own food and to eat it without sharing it with his neighbours. The rich had better food than the poorer members; and that, said Paul truly, was no "Lord's Supper." It was merely satisfaction of the appetite.

Now, the real Lord's Supper is of quite a different type.

The tradition of it, as Paul told the Corinthians plainly, came from Jesus. "The Lord Jesus," he says, "on the night on which He was betrayed, took bread, and having given thanks, broke it and said: This is My body which is for your sake. . . . This cup is the new covenant in My blood. This do, as often as you drink it, in memory of Me."

There have been some doubts as to the interpretation of the



passages, but one fact stands clear and determined.

The Lord's Supper was not a liturgy. It was a formal observance. Remember, that Supper took place the night before He went to His doom.

And here let me say, also, that it has been claimed that this Supper was really a Passover Feast; but the Fourth Gospel lays it down that the Supper took place a day earlier, and was not Pascal in character.

It was claimed, too, that the meal was of the ordinance known as "Qiddush," in which—the head of a family, or leader of a group of friends, took a cup of wine and "sanctified" the day by reciting over the cup a blessing, which was really a thanksgiving for the feast.

Jesus and His friends, however, had formed one of the "Chaburoth," or Group of Friends which were to be found everywhere in those days.

These groups met to discuss religious matters. To "break bread" was the general method for eating the meal. The cup of wine was not always essential.

Such a meal was an institution in the common life of Jesus and His disciples; and, when

With AL MALE

the Master was taken away, the meal and its significance continued.

The original company with Jesus believed that the ceremony was inseparable from that of the presence of their Master.

They believed, no doubt, that their risen Lord was always present when the meal was eaten; and they remembered His words.

And then entered various other interpretations of His words. Some insisted that the words "This is My body, this is My blood" were to be taken literally. I cannot here go into all that, for there have been divisions of opinion that would require so much writing that it would become tedious.

Having said all this, let me tell you of a man I know.

It occurred in the land that lies down near the Panama Canal, a land where men died swiftly and without warning from disease, pestilence, and otherwise.

Down there, sitting alone on the edge of the jungle, was a Scot (Calvinist at that!) who was pretty sick, pretty worn out, pretty lonely, too.

And one day he lifted up his pannikin of water, and his chunk of home-made bread that had been baked in the pannikin, and he said this:

"I'm a sick man, Lord. I'm a lonely man, Lord. If You have any work for me to do in this world will You give me Life. If You have no more work for me to do, then let me die. I can't help myself any more."

And, thinking of the Last Supper, this weak, ailing man drank the water and broke bread.

Then he lay down to await what might come.

All right, you have guessed. The fever left him, he became a strong man again. He had great work to do later, and he did it. He surveyed the Canal.

Now, please, don't think I'm telling you a fairy story, or handing out a "miracle."

I asked that man how he accounted for his cure. He replied:

"I repeated the prayer, 'Just as I am, without one plea.' . . . Isn't that the only way we can presume to talk to the Almighty?"

Next time you break bread, think of that, and meantime, Good Hunting.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

Greed was the young Crow's Downfall

THE reaper was clattering its way through the long grass when Bill pulled up short, as a partridge ran out in front of the horses' heads and crouched under a window.

She was followed by ten little baby chicks, who, finding the concealing grass had suddenly come to an end, squatted down immediately, and were in danger of being trampled underfoot by the horses.

Bill picked them up one by one and placed them in his hat, looking admiringly at their soft downy feathers as he carried them to a safe distance.

He tipped them out on the new-mown swath, knowing the old hen would soon find them, and went back to the reaper.

He then noticed another visitor had come to the field, an old crow, accompanied by its half-grown youngster, was busily digging up grubs and beetles not far away from the partridge chicks.

She evidently knew a thing or two, and had found that the soil in the meadow retained its moisture—and beetles—better than did the sun-baked pastures.

She needed some easy digging, for that rapacious youngster gave her no rest, and with fluttering wings and ever-open beak, demanded more and more grubs and beetles.

The old crow kept digging away while the going was good, content in having found such a good pitch, never once taking thought to feed herself—and never once did that greedy, over-fed youngster offer to dig for himself.

He railed and stormed at each delay—presenting his fluttering wings at each find and swallowing each morsel as though life was one long feed.

She suddenly stopped digging, and stared sideways, for crouched before her was a striped partridge chick. It was slow work, and seemingly hopeless, trying to fill that ever-open craw with grubs—and a partridge-chick would fill up the void considerably.

She walked with ungainly steps a little nearer and paused ready to strike, when her greedy offspring rushed in and spoiled her design.

Taking its parent's poised beak as a signal for another fat grub, the young bird came fluttering in between her and the helpless chick, and with open beak and outstretched wings waited expectantly.

Bill, turning his horses at the corner, saw a strange sight. The baby-partridge, confronted with a pair of drooping wings, instinctively ran under their cover, and Bill hurried across expecting to see the young partridge had been butchered by the old crow.

The old bird flew off at his approach, while the stupid and bewildered youngster stood with fluttering wings, wondering what had happened to its legs—for crouching under its wings were half-a-dozen of the partridge-chicks.

The hen-partridge, disturbed a second time, ran swiftly into the hedge with part of her brood following, and a second time Bill picked up the chicks, carrying them this time into the hedgerow—while the young crow he took home to lunch.



YO, HO, AND TWENTY GALLONS!

WHAT'S this—a fireman's oxy-acetylene tube? No, sirree! It's the original smuggler's Long John. In the "Good Old Days," when rum was rum and the only devil the Revenue Man—this was the way the Nelson's Blood of those times was run across the Channel—twenty gallons apiece, and scores of them at a time.

Beer—no, not the refreshment—the Devon village near Seaton, was where this one came from. Beer Bay was a famous smugglers' haunt, and Long Johns were landed in hundreds on the pebble beach before smuggling was finally quashed.

How far does a fellow walk?

(Asks John Fleetwood)

A FEATURE of sport and endurance as classic as the

Old Car Crock Rally is the

annual Walking Race from Lon-

don to Brighton. There's talk

of reviving them both after the

war.

About the first to make

the London-Brighton attempt

were a Windsor parson—Rev.

Arthur Robins—and his two

brothers. Kicking-off at

6 a.m., they stopped at Red-

hill for breakfast, then again

for lunch. The cold pork up-

set one of them, but some

over-proof rum, at the inn

carried him through, and the

trio completed the 52-mile

course, Westminster Bridge

to the Aquarium, in just

under 12 hours.

The present road walking

record is 20 miles in 2 hrs. 50

mins., held by a member of

the Surrey Walking Club. But

walking feats are established

by postmen, policemen, farmers

and others almost every day

of their lives.

A Kentish postman, complet-

ing 44 years of rural mail work,

claims to have travelled in the

path of duty well over 335,000

miles—a good deal further than

from the earth to the moon. On

his retirement his younger col-

leagues considered he had

earned a rest, and presented

him with a fireside chair.

To walk much and regu-

larly is to live long—so it

seems. Another postman,

James Leighton, tramped

three miles up the Kirkstone

Pass (1,500 feet) every day

for 40 years to deliver letters.

That was some 75,000 miles

of pretty stiff going, and old

James lived to a ripe 85 years.

But now most country postmen are equipped with bicycles, and these classic performances have become an interesting epic of the past. Records to-day are set up by the athletic girl with leg-stretching feats of some 10,000 steps a day, or nearly five miles, without "extras."

To comply with the urgent medical axiom, "two hours' exercise a day," we should walk (or take the equivalent in other physical exercise) at least four miles daily.

Many of us fulfil the medical dictum without knowing it. Even the high-heeled office girl easily reaches this minimum; observant statisticians have placed her daily average at a good 8,000 steps.

If she throws in a dance a week—often it works out at two—she adds gloriously to her weekly total. One dance may run to 28 items. Allowing 420 bars to a dance, and three yards to two bars, the evening's exercise is equal to a good ten-mile tramp. A pedometer attached to Frances Zip's ankle as she danced with Forces men registered 13½ miles after a mere two hours of it.

Close runner-up to the athletic girl is a hospital nurse. A day's work dancing attendance on patients, sisters, matron, doctor and surgeon runs her into some 10,000 paces.

A bus conductor is estimated to climb up and down his steps to the tune of a daily four miles. A waitress in a fair-sized restaurant, serving an average of two courses to 100 persons a day, walks some 100 yards for each customer. She therefore covers an average of five to six miles per day. A patrolling policeman, however, does a good 14, a farmer as much as 15.

They get through a good few pairs of boots, too, these folk who foot it. Two years ago, Julio Berizbeitia, a Venezuelan Boy Scout, finished a four-year 20,000-mile walking tour of the Americas, in which he wore out 50 pairs of good stout shoes.

Another Scout, a Kentucky lad, foot-slogged 250 miles to see the Chief Scout when he paid a visit to Louisville some years ago. And wasn't there a British Army sergeant who tramped all over the world for six years, covering 37,000 miles and disposing of 32 pairs of Army-type boots?

These folk—like ardent football fans who have walked 200, even 300, miles to see their favourite team play—knew more or less what they were tackling. But it is the distances we cover unconsciously, as we go about the day's work, that are often so surprising.

Recently, a business man thought he'd take a pedometer to the office. Including the spurt to and from the station at both ends of his journey, his perambulations between departments and the break for lunch, the instrument registered his daily exercise as an average of four miles.

If, when home on Saturdays, he set to with a 12-inch mower and cut his lawns and surroundings and a few grass verges, he could easily add the best part of another two miles to his already weekly total of 22 miles.

But the record stepper of all—so a chiropody expert estimates, and we may well credit his figures—is the housewife, busy with housework, husband and children. She averages 12,000 steps, or nearly six miles, every day. This, at a mere six days a week for, say, thirty years (it might be fairer to put it at seven days a week for a lifetime) totals well over 50,000 miles—more than twice round the world.

The sad Tale of Steven the Swan

(Told by Ron Richards)

THERE have been quite a number of casualties among the population at Chatham. The Battle of Britain left its mark, and so have more recent tip-and-run raids. The sea, land and air forces, too, have all made their claims on this Kentish waterfront town.

The latest casualty, although not fatal, aroused no little interest.

Steven had been around the jetties for several years. He never bothered anybody, and was almost part of the scenery. Kiddies used to tease him, and dogs, to their peril, barked when he walked the dock area.

He was a handsome fellow and a family man. He was a good fisherman—always kept the family larder full, and his offspring, as a result, have all

been a credit to the community.

Steven is probably in his late twenties now, though, of course, it is difficult to tell, because life wasn't always easy for him, and worry ages any living thing.

It was, as is so often the case, tragedy that put Steven's name into print; like so many others, he would have lived and died in seclusion had it not been for a disastrous event.

True, there was no one to blame but himself, but so many times had he boarded the tankers at the quay that he regarded them as one might regard a park seat. He was taking his constitutional one day and spotted a

new arrival; it was a British tanker, and new to Steven, so he boarded her. Crossing the deck, he caught a leg in a hawser and became trapped.

Some of the crew arrived and tried to rescue him, shouting, "Keep still, you fool—we can't help you when you're jumping about like this."

But Steven was in pain and he became frantic. He got so mad that he lashed out at his would-be rescuers. His shrieks were heard all over the town.

Eventually they got him loose, and he lay utterly exhausted, his head cut and

bruised and an eye closed. He was covered with oil, and wanted only to die.

He was taken to the police station and later to the hospital. But he didn't like the smell of the hospital, so he walked out—and has been walking aimlessly around ever since.

Each day means a different street for Steve. He just wanders about, and when he feels hungry, taps the first door he finds, and mostly the folk he calls on feed him, just out of sympathy.

After all, who wouldn't feed a poor old swan that was covered in oil, lame, and half-blind?

THIS STRANGE WORLD

The sky-blue pigment ultramarine is obtained from lapis lazuli, a stone found in the East, notably Persia and Tibet. But a cheaper grade is produced by grinding and heating a mixture of clay, sulphur, carbonate of soda and resin.

The Tynwald, or Parliament, of the Isle of Man, which includes the Governor and Council, and the House of Keys, the representative assembly, almost constitutes Home Rule, for the Acts it passes simply need the assent of the Sovereign.

Hyacinth flowers, according to Greek mythology, sprang from the blood of a beautiful youth named Hyacinthus, who was killed by accident by Apollo while playing quoits.

Marshalsea Prison stood near St. George's Church, in Southwark. Originally a house of detention for Royal servants convicted of offences, it became later a debtors' prison. A good picture of the Marshalsea is given by Charles Dickens in his "Little Dorrit."

The lyre bird of Australia is not more than 15in. long, but the male has a beautiful lyre-shaped tail, which it carries erect, 23in. in length.

Kunzite is unique among gems in possessing wonderful fluorescence. Peach-pink in colour, it becomes phosphorescent upon exposure to the action of the X-rays or radium bromide, and remains so for a considerable time after removal. If placed in the dark, after exposure to X-rays, it will photograph itself upon a piece of sensitive paper. It was discovered by Professor George F. Kunz, President of the New York Mineralogical Club, in San Diego, California.

Evidence that England once had a warmer climate than she enjoys to-day is found in London Clay, a peculiar formation which crops up in various parts of London, notably at Highgate, and is rich in fossils—birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, fruits and fish.

J. S. Newcombe

THINK THESE OVER TO-DAY

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

Richard Hooker (1553-1600).

Let no man value at a little price A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words.

George Chapman (1557-1634).

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

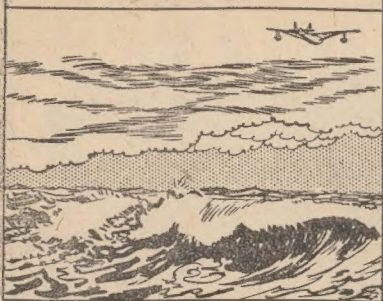
Take away the sword—States can be saved without it!

Lord Lytton.



BUCK RYAN

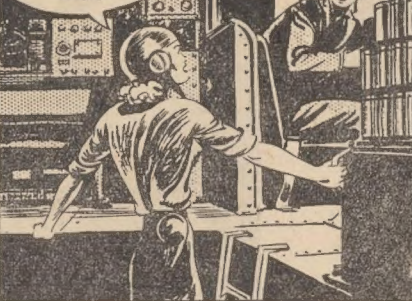
By the time Buck Ryan has reached the flight deck the Kawanisi, flying "blind," is far out at sea



GOSH, WHAT A SITUATION! NO LAND IN SIGHT AND ALL THE INSTRUMENTS MARKED IN JAPANESE IDEOGRAPHS. AND THE FOLKS AT HOME SAY THAT PAY-AS-YOU-EARN TAX GIVES THEM A HEADACHE!

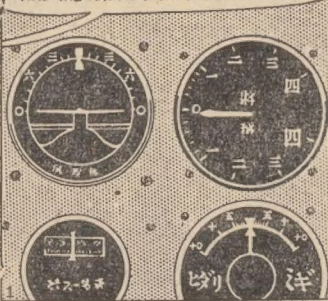


HAVE YOU DISCOVERED WHERE WE ARE YET, BUCK?

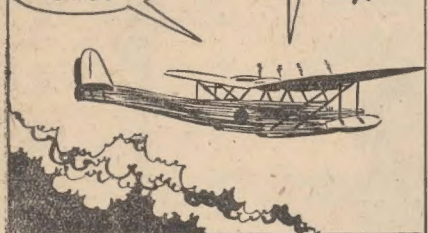


JUST COME AND LOOK

THINK OF A NUMBER, DOUBLE IT, TAKE AWAY THE FIRST NUMBER YOU THOUGHT OF AND THE ANSWER IS IN IDEOGRAPHS!



YE GODS, WHAT A PROBLEM! EVERY INSTRUMENT MARKED IN JAPANESE! WHICH DIRECTION ARE WE FLYING?



SOUTH—ACCORDING TO THE SUN. SIT HERE AND PLUG INTO THE INTER-COM, ZOLA. SAVES SHOUTING

WE MUST BE SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF BURMA. CAN'T WE TURN BACK FOR CALCUTTA OR CEYLON?



DON'T FORGET THAT THIS IS A JAP KITE. JUICY BAIT FOR THE R.N. THE RAF AND THE U.S.A.A.F!

CRUISE, I DON'T WANT MY EPIGRAPH TO BE A JAP FLAG ON THE COCK-PILOT OF AN INTERCEPTOR



WELL, THROW IN THE ACK-ACK DEFENCE TOO AND THE ODDS ARE 4 TO 1 THAT WE END UP THAT WAY

JUST STAY PUT WHILE I SEE IF OUR LATE NAVIGATOR LEFT HIS HOME-WORK ON THE TABLE



WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, SKIPPER?



THE NAVIGATOR'S CHART. HE MUST HAVE PLOTTED A COURSE BEFORE WE DEALT WITH HIM

HE'S DRAWN A LINE FROM BURMA TO THE TIP OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA. THE PLACE NAMES ARE IN IDEOGRAPHS BUT THE CONTOURS OF THE SUNDIA ISLANDS AND BORNEO ARE UNMISTAKABLE



SO IT LOOKS LIKE OUR LIEUTENANT'S THEORY WAS CORRECT WHEN HE SUGGESTED THAT THE JAPS WERE ROBBING THE BURMA RICE FIELDS TO FEED THEIR FIGHTING FORCES



YES, AND MACARTHUR'S BOYS HAVE GIVEN 'EM SUCH A MAULING IN NEW GUINEA THAT THEY MUST BE MIGHTY HUNGRY BY NOW. I'LL BET THEY ARE PRAYING FOR THIS KITE-LOAD OF RICE



WE MUST BE OVER THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, ACCORDING TO THE COMPASS "GEORGE" IS STEERING A COURSE OF 120°. IF WE DON'T HAVE TO ALTER COURSE WE SHOULD HIT NEW GUINEA



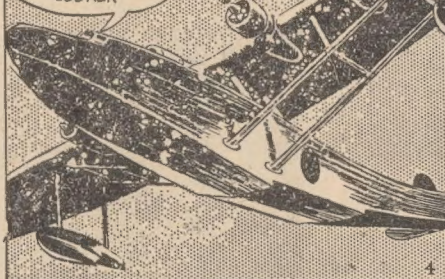
WITH LUCK—WE MIGHT FIND HOLLANDIA BUT, WHILE "GEORGE" IS A FAITHFUL PILOT, HE DOESN'T ALLOW FOR DRIFT



SO I'LL SEE IF THERE IS A SMOKE-BOMB TO DROP FOR WIND DIRECTION. AND WHILE I'M EXPLORING I'LL SEE—



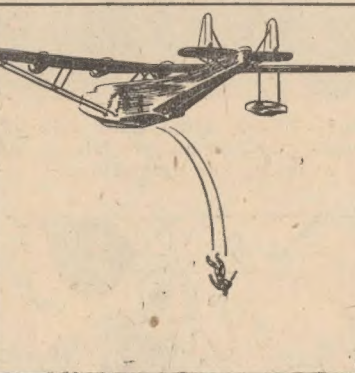
IF THERE IS A CAN OF CHOP SUEY TO HEAT UP ON THE ELECTRIC COOKER



I'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO DUMP THOSE DEAD JAPS WHILE ZOLA CAN'T SEE ME



IT'S A REVOLTING JOB BUT—MUST DO. IF WE ARE CAPTURED, AND THESE FIVE NIPS ARE FOUND, IT'S TORTURE FOR US



Meanwhile—at a Japanese Intelligence base



INTELLIGENCE TO AIR ARM. REPORTS TO HAND REVEAL KAWANISI TOOK OFF FROM ADVANCE LAKE-SIDE BASE DURING ENEMY PATROL RAID. POSSIBILITY OF DAMAGE MAY ACCOUNT FOR RADIO-SILENCE BUT FLEET AIR ARM INFORMED



HERE YOU ARE, ZOLA. I FOUND A CAN OF MEAT BALLS OF SOME SORT. THEY TASTE GOOD

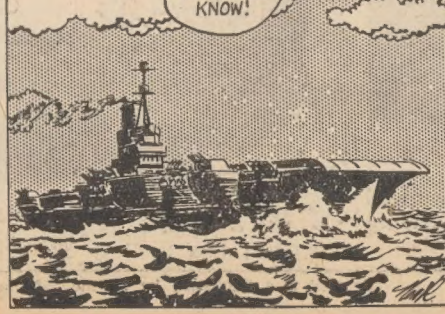


I'M SO HUNGRY THAT I COULD ALMOST EAT A BOWL OF BRITISH-CANNED SOUP AND BELIEVE THAT IT WAS SOUP

IF YOU CAN'T WORK THE CHOP-STICKS, SPEAR THEM



IS IT A JAP?



WE'LL SOON KNOW!

STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

IT is to be expected that when new operations of war open up philatelic interest should revive in the countries affected. Recently, Moldavia, Ukraine, Georgia and Azerbaijan were again talked about, and no doubt many collectors gave a speculative thought to their Moldavian "bulls."

Now collectors are thinking of the Baltic States of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, which became stamp-issuing countries after the Great War, when their independence was established.

Quite what they are thinking rests with the individual, but personally I regard the Baltic States as dogs with a bad name. Some day soberer counsels may accord them more attention and respect.

Estonia brought out a provisional issue at Wessenberg in 1918 of 738 stamps in five values. These were Russian stamps from newspaper wrappers overprinted "EESTI—(RAKWERE)" and surcharged.



So crude was the design of the first Lithuanian stamps, they can hardly be said to have design in the postal sense of the word.

Pleading the want of suitable paper, Latvia made its philatelic debut with a set of stamps printed on the backs of ordnance maps left behind by the Germans. To-day, a complete map can be bought at no high cost with 228 stamps on the back.

It was not long before Latvia resorted to bank-notes and even cigarette papers for the printing of her postage stamps. But remember that her forests had been wantonly destroyed by the Germans. Riga, the greatest timber port in the world, stood stricken and idle at the end of the war.

The philatelic history of Estonia is a less eventful story than that of her sister states, and she had no Vilna to complicate it. The Rakwere overprints are, to say the least, of questionable authenticity; and of equally doubtful character is the issue of certain German stamps overprinted "Postgebiet Ob-Ost," with a further overprint of the word "EESTL."



But the first definitive issue marked the beginning of a fairly conventional series of postage stamps. Though poor in design, it was saved from mediocrity by being lithographed on plain white or tone paper of good quality.

On May 2, 1920, came an issue imperforate and perforate of Russian stamps of the arms types overprinted "EESTI POST," and since these had full Government status they are highly priced by Gibbons.

The perforate 1 kopek orange is valued at £175, mint or used. Gibbons prints a warning against forged overprints.

Many forgeries exist, also, of the first air mail issue of March, 1920. This is a 5-mark triangular printed in three colours and intended for the air carriage from Reval to Helsingfors in Finland. Over half a million of these stamps were printed.



Alas, only two genuine official flights took place. For the ice broke in the Gulf of Finland, and with the normal means of communication restored the mail resumed its passage by boat.

Illustrated in this column are four stamps picturing Jugoslavian towns, and two long format stamps commemorating the 1942 Postal Congress at Vienna. The latter are particularly well designed.

Good Morning



A mere forty years ago, and look what happened! Six-cylinder - self - super - charging - bi - valve - rotating - undulating - speedster model with guaranteed violet-smelling exhaust. M.p.h.? Oh, what did that matter!



And here's the wicked set! Straight from the murky depths of Bloomsbury, all ready to have a dash at nature in the true Whistler tradition.



Uncle Cuthbert, Auntie Carolina and young Master Herbert get together for the evening concerto. "Blush Not, Gentle Maiden," was the favourite that whiled away the wistful tedium of those winter evenings. Flute, recorder and harp made a most elegant sound, my dear, and no one said "Swing it, Carolina."



Pictures in the fire. This stylish young lady dreams of her lover as she gazes over her what-not into the blazing hearth. The more she thinks of him, the more she shows her boots. But then, young Emily always was a daring young baggage, with her furbelows and tittifalals.

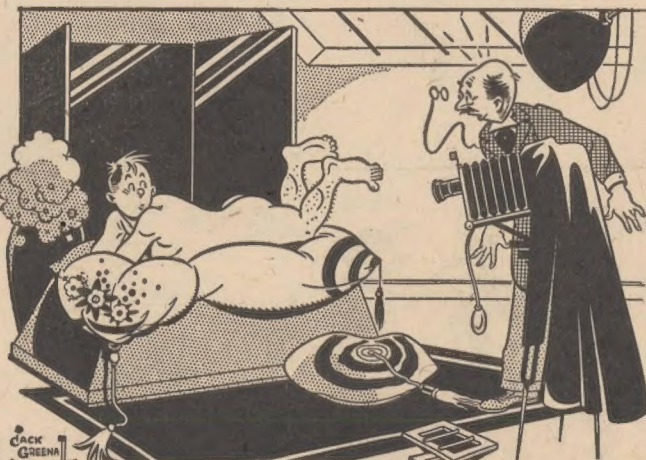
FAMILY ALBUM



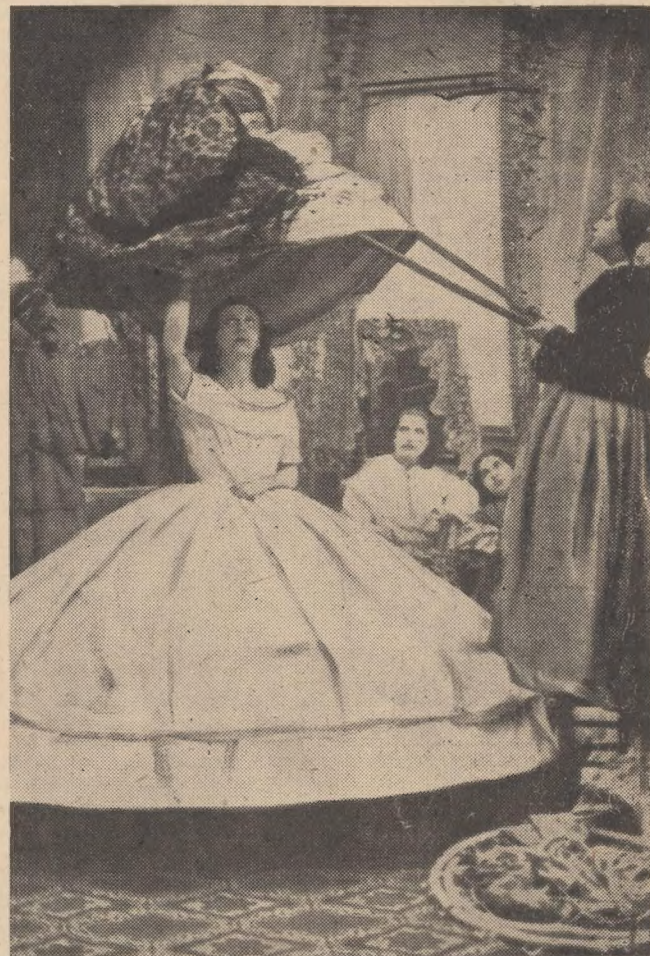
Grandma and Grandpa in the good old dashing days, when moustachios were moustachios, and a fellow could have his photo taken with his Homberg on. Natty winged-collar, satin cravat, and that solid gold horseshoe tie-pin were all part of that super-Sunday get-up.



"My! My! What's this? The original Land Army? No, it's Great-Aunt Gertrude and her buxom friend, all set 'pour le sport' of shooting the dickie-bird."



"It's for the Family Album—Ma's lost my baby photo!!"



"Wait for it! Wait for it!" Down comes Aunt Ermintrude's forty-seventh petticoat — you know, the one with reversible gussets in the rear. The pulley from the ceiling was Uncle Algernon's Christmas notion. But it had to be helped out, as you see, by two dolly-sticks to prevent the reversible gussets from creasing.



Home from his labours in the City, is the lord and master — and could a man relax in those days with his slippers on the footstool, the family rug around his knees, and the gentle ministrations of Mamma, whispering softly into his ear: "Would you prefer claret or hock with your under-done chicken?"